

SERIAL STORY

THE BEST MAN

By HAROLD MACGRATH
Author of THE MAN ON THE BOX,
HEARTS AND MASKS

With Illustrations by A. WEIL

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

CHAPTER I.

Carrington folded the document and thoughtfully balanced it on his palm. What an ironical old world it was! There was a perpendicular wrinkle about his nose, and his lips had thinned into a mere line which drooped at the corners. The drone of a typewriter in the adjoining room sounded above the rattle-tattle of the street below. Through the open windows came a vague breath of summer redolent of flowers and grasses; for it was but eleven o'clock of the morning, and the smell of sun-baked brick and asphalt had not yet risen through the air. Far beyond the smoking, ragged skyline Carrington could see the shifting, glittering river and the great ships going down to the sea. Presently the ashes from his dead cigar fell in a gray cascade down his coat and tumbled across his knees, but he gave no heed.

Ironical old world, indeed! Here, suddenly and unexpectedly, he found himself upon the battlefield of love and duty, where all honest men find themselves, sooner or later. To pit the heart against the conscience, impulse against calculation! Heigh-ho! Duty is an implacable goddess, and those who serve her most loyally are most ruthlessly driven. She buffets us into this corner and into that, digs pitfalls for the hesitant foot, and crushes the vacillating.

As all men will, Carrington set about to argue down his conscience; the heart is so insistent a counselor. Why should he give up the woman he loved, simply because duty demanded he should? After all, was not duty merely social obligation? What was it to him that the sheep were sheared? Was it right that he, of all men, should divide the house, throw the black pall of dishonesty over it, destroy his own happiness and hers, when so simple a thing as a match would crumble into nothingness this monument to one man's greed and selfishness? The survival of the fittest; if he put aside self, who would thank him? Few, and many would call him a fool or a meddler. So many voices spoke that he seemed to hear none distinctly.

He alone had made these astonishing discoveries; he alone had followed the cunningly hidden trail of the serpent. He could stop where he was and none would be the wiser. To be sure, it was only a question of time when the scandal would become public through other channels; but in that event he would not be held responsible for bringing about the catastrophe. Besides, the ways of the serpent are devious and many, and other investigators might not come so close to the trail.

He had gone about his investigations without the least idea where they would lead him. At the beginning he had believed that the guilty ones were none higher than petty officials; but presently he found himself going over their heads, higher and higher, until, behold! he was at the lair of the old serpent himself. A client had carelessly dropped a bit of information, and it had taken seed with this surprising result. Henry Cavanaugh, millionaire promoter, financier, trust magnate, director in a hundred money-gathering concerns; Henry Cavanaugh, the father of the girl he loved and who loved him! Could it be he, indeed? It seemed incredible.

It was not a case of misappropriation of funds, such as a man may be guilty of when temporarily hard pressed. It was a bold and fraudulent passing of dividends that rightfully belonged to the investors; of wrongfully issuing statements of bolstered expenses, lack of markets, long strikes (promoted by Cavanaugh and his associates!); insufficient means of transportation. An annual dividend of seven per cent. of many millions that had been dishonestly passed over. The reports that there would be no dividends encouraged a slump in the listed price of the stock, and many had sold under par value, thereby netting to Cavanaugh and others several millions. And the proof of all this lay in his hand!

It had been a keen hunt. Many and many a blind trail had he followed, only to come back to the start again. All that now remained for him to do was to pass this document on to the hands of the intrepid district attorney, and justice would be meted out to the guilty.

Her father! The picture of him rose suddenly and distinctly in his mind. Tall, powerfully built, a hooked nose,

keen blue eyes, an aggressive chin, a repellent mouth, Henry Cavanaugh was the personification of the modern Croesus. Immutably in purpose, dogged in perseverance, a relentless enemy, a Jesuit in that the end always justified the means, he stood a pillar in the world of finance, where there is sometimes justice, but never any mercy. Thirty-five years before he had been a messenger in a stockbroker's office. Of his antecedents nothing was known until he broke one of the famous gold corners in the seventies, when a handsome, ruddy-checked little Irishman bobbed up suddenly from nowhere in particular and claimed to be the great Cavanaugh's father. But his proofs were not convincing, and when the son showed a decided contempt for him, he gently subsided into oblivion and was heard of no more. From time to time Carrington gathered a small crowd of information regarding his sweetheart's grandfather; but whenever he broached the subject, however tactfully, everybody concerned headed the conversation for a different port.

Carrington had never laid eyes on the old gentleman, and, for all he knew to the contrary, he might be a myth. He reasoned that in all probability the grandfather was illiterate, uncouth, and rather an awkward piece of family furniture to handle, when the family proper were ingratiating themselves into the Chippendales of society. Unfortunately, Mother Cavanaugh, good-hearted and amiable in her way, had been stung by the bee of the climbers, and her one ambition was to establish herself and daughters in society; and had not he, Carrington, come of an aristocratic family (poor, it is true), the doors of the Cavanaugh manor would never have opened to his knock. Even as it was, he was persona non grata to the millionaire, who was mad for a duke in the family. Besides Cavanaugh had his suspicions of any lawyer who grubbed outside the breastworks.

Some doves circled above a church-spire a few streets over the way, breaking the sunbeams against their polished wings. Finally they settled on the slate roof and fell to strutting and waddling and swelling their breasts pompously. Carrington opened and refolded the document, but he did not take his eyes from the doves.



Resolutely He Thrust the Document Into His Pocket.

What should he do? What ill wind had blown this thing into his doorway? Nothing had warned him of the impending tangle. Until two days ago Cavanaugh was at the other end of the world, so far as his investigations at that time were concerned.

He struck a match. The silver of pine flared palely in the sunshine, writhed and dropped, black and charred, to the floor. He shrugged his shoulders. Chivalry of this sort was not the order of the day. There was something stronger than the voice of duty, something stronger than the voice of the heart; it was the voice of pity, which urged its appeal for the hundreds of men and women who had invested their all in the Cavanaugh concerns. The thought of their ultimate ruin, should Cavanaugh be permitted to pursue his course unchecked, bore heavily upon him. No, he could not do it. He must fight, even if he lost his all in the battle. It is a fine thing to right a wrong. All the great victories in the world have been won for others than the victors. That Cavanaugh was the father of the girl he loved must have no weight on the scales of justice.

Resolutely he thrust the document into his coat pocket, closed his desk and relighted his cigar. In that moment he had mapped out his plan of action. That very night he would lay the whole thing very clearly before the girl herself, and whatever decision she made, he would stand or fall by it, for he knew her to be the soul of honor.

Poor girl! It was a heart-breaking business. How in the world should he begin, and where should he stop? Ah, that was it! He would lay the matter before her in a manner that would conceal the vital nearness of the case, as if it were some client of his who was unknown to her. And when she judged the case, he would speak the bald truth. It would be a cruel blow, but nevertheless he must deal it. She loved her father, and after his own peculiar fashion her father loved her. She was the only one in the family who could wheedle him out of a purpose; to the rest of the family his word was law immutable. It was very hard, sighed Carrington. For the father had neither pity nor sympathy; there were many ugly tales about his financial dealings; but

his whole heart went out unreservedly to the girl.

When Carrington had gone to Cavanaugh, his heart in his throat, to speak to him relative to his daughter's hand, he unwittingly knocked off the top of a volcano.

"Marry my daughter?" Cavanaugh roared, emphasizing his wrath and disapproval with a bang of fist upon palm. "My daughter shall marry only among her equals, not among her inferiors. A king is not good enough for my Kate." There was another bang of the fist, decided and final. "A lawyer? Not if I know myself. I wouldn't trust a lawyer out of sight," blurted. "Kate shall marry a duke or a prince, if I can find one suitable." Carrington would have smiled had the moment been less serious.

"No man can possibly appreciate her worth more readily than I, sir," he replied, "or love her more dearly." "Love?" with a snort. "Twaddle out of story-books!"

"But you yourself love her." "I'm her father," Cavanaugh returned complacently, adding a gesture which had the effect of describing the fact that it was perfectly logical for a father to love his daughter, but that it wasn't logical at all for any other male biped to love her.

"I am sorry," said the disheartened suitor, rising. "I suppose that after this unpleasant interview—"

"Oh, you're a decent sort," interrupted Cavanaugh generously; "and if you are of a mind to behave yourself hereafter, you will always find a chair at my table. But my daughter is not for you, sir, emphatically not. That is all, sir," and Cavanaugh picked up his evening paper.

After such a rebuff, most young men would have given up; but Carrington never gave up till there was no possibility of winning. Immediately after the interview he went to the higher court with his appeal.

"Let us have patience," the girl whispered. "I'll undertake to bring him to reason."

But Carrington went home that night without his love for the father increasing any.

And so the matter stood at the present time. The affair had gone neither forward nor backward.

Ah, were he less honest, how easily he could bring the old curmudgeon to terms! There was that in his pocket which would open the way to the altar quickly enough. But Carrington was manly and honest to the core, and to him blackmail stood among the basest of crimes. Many times during the past 48 hours the tempter had whispered in his ear that there was a way out of his difficulties; but the young man had listened unmoved.

During the summer and autumn months of the year the Cavanaughs lived at their country place over in New Jersey, and there Carrington spent the week-ends. There were horses to ride, golf and tennis, and a Saturday night dance at the Country club. To be with the girl you love, even if you can't have her, is some compensation. Cavanaugh never joined the fetes and sports of the summer colonists, but he offered no objections to the feminine members of his household for selecting Carrington as their escort for the week-ends. Indeed, by now he began to consider Carrington as a harmless, sensible, well-groomed young man, who relieved him of all the painful duties to the frivolous. If the colonists insisted on coupling his daughter's name with Carrington's, let them do so; when the proper moment came he would disillusionize them. For himself, he always had some good old crowsy down to while away the dull Sundays; and together they consummated plans that gave the coup de grace to many a noble business galeon. This particular summer there were no dukes or princes floating around unattached, and Cavanaugh agreed that it was a commendable time to lay devices by which to ambush the winter money.

There were nights when Cavanaugh did not sleep very well; but of this, more anon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STICK TO THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Unfortunate French Couple Resolute in Refusing Charity.

Simple life is being practiced with a vengeance by a laborer and his family at Montgeron, near Corbelle. The workman and his wife had hitherto been known as an industrious and thrifty couple, but they nevertheless found it difficult to make both ends meet, having to support six small children, and a seventh being expected. The climax came when they were unable to pay their rent in October, and were evicted from the little flat which they had occupied because the husband had been out of work for some time, and could find no new occupation. He gathered up his few belongings and took up quarters for himself and his family under the arches of a railway bridge where he decided for the rest of his life to defy the state and modern civilization, which he argued, had treated him, an honest man, so cruelly. The mayors of two adjoining localities went to see the family and offered to find free lodgings for them, but the workman and his wife refused. They met certain charitable persons of the neighborhood, who offered them money, food and clothing, in the same way. "Keep your money," they said, "we will not accept anything." A seventh child has been born, and still the strange couple refuse all aid. Their case has been brought to the notice of the prefecture of the department, and nothing less is spoken of than enforcing charity with energetic measures.—London Daily Telegraph.

ALWAYS AHEAD OF THE GAME.

Cleveland Sportsman Gets Fever Earlier Than Any of His Friends and Is Lonely.

Long before other fishermen have any more than realized that the opening of the fishing season is close at hand, A. N. Wirls of East Cleveland has his rod, lines, hooks and sinkers all gathered together ready for the spring opening.

When it comes to things piscatorial, he invariably finds himself springing three or four laps ahead of the procession. The other day, having everything in readiness, Wirls desired to go a-fishing. He started in to call up his friends, one by one, and proposed that they go out to see how the fish were biting.

But everybody he called was down with a previous engagement, or was tied up with sordid business problems that prevented.

After he'd called pretty much every fisherman on his entire list of acquaintances, Wirls gave it up. There's no fun going fishing alone, and nobody else seemed to have appreciated that it's time for men to be up and angling. He went down to a fish market and bought a mess of bullheads to take home for supper, that he might croon over them and imagine he'd spent the afternoon sitting on a pier or out in a boat.

Wirls has the same trouble in hunting season. He catches the fever early and then has three or four relapses.

"Let's go coon hunting," he'll propose. But it's too early for any of his friends to be in the notion. So it goes. Throughout the year he's kept busy hunting for people to go with him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Beautifying Cities.

The cost of a city beautiful is something enormous, but aside from the education and inspiration it affords its residents, Paris has demonstrated that it pays. How much the public improvements in Paris had cost up to the time of the second empire no one knows, but it was many millions. Under Baron Eugene Haussmann's direction Napoleon III. spent \$500,000,000 to make Paris the most beautiful city in the world, and additional expenditures have been made on no mean scale ever since. Now it is proposed to spend \$135,000,000 more in carrying out a systematic plan of beautification, the municipal council having already approved the plans and appropriated the money.

Under Boss Shepherd millions were expended to make Washington beautiful and symmetrical, and it is now far in advance of other American cities. New York has expended enormous sums for municipal beautification, but its business district is so out of harmony that it cannot be compared to Paris and Berlin in this respect. Our new and growing cities of the west can hardly afford to spend such vast sums for beautification, but they certainly can avoid the mistakes in city-making which render beautification in the future either impossible or excessively costly.—Omaha Bee.

Fastidious Freddy.

Pearl—I hear that Freddy Van Pickel resigned from the volunteer fire company in his home town.

Ruby—Yes, indeed; there was an argument about the hose.

Pearl—The hose?

Ruby—Yes, Freddy wanted to wear drop-stitch hose when he went to a fire and the captain said drop-stitch and high boots didn't go, so the dear boy resigned.

A New Society Every Day.

Every day a new society for the betterment of something or other is born in New York. Nobody has ever yet listed or classified all these societies, and most of them are never heard of. Born dead, they keep on being dead, though each thinks it lives, is very much in existence and greatly in the public eye.—New York Press.

The Mean Things.

A good many married men would regard a tax on bachelors as a tax on vice.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK

NATIONAL STOCK YARDS, ILL.—Cattle—Native beef steers, 4.75; 7.15; cows and heifers, 3.60; 7.00; stockers and feeders, 3.50; 6.85; calves in carlots, 5.50; 6.00; Hogs—Mixed and butchers, 8.00; 8.30; good heavy, 8.20; 8.35; rough, 7.90; 8.05; light, 7.95; 8.10; pigs, 6.00; 7.50. Sheep—Muttons, 3.50; 4.50; lambs, 4.00; 4.80.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Cattle—Native steers, 4.50; 7.50; cows, 2.50; 4.50; native cows and heifers, 2.50; 5.00; stockers and feeders, 3.50; 5.30; bulls, 2.50; 4.25; calves, 3.75; 7.00. Hogs—Heavy, 8.00; 8.15; packers and butchers, 7.50; 8.10; light, 7.75; 8.00; pigs, 6.50; 7.50. Sheep—Muttons, 4.25; 6.25; lambs, 7.00; 8.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Cattle—Beeves, 4.85; 7.50; stockers and feeders, 3.10; 5.10; cows and heifers, 2.40; 6.35; calves, 6.00; 8.75. Hogs—Light, 7.60; 8.10; mixed, 7.65; 8.35; heavy, 7.50; 7.90; rough, 7.50; 7.90; Yorkers, 8.00; 8.10; pigs, 6.50; 7.50. Sheep—Native, 2.75; 4.30; lambs, 4.50; 4.50.

GRAIN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.06; 1.12; No. 1, 1.08; 1.20; No. 4, 1.10; 1.15; No. 3 hard, 1.20; 1.30; No. 2, 1.15; No. 4, 1.00; 1.10. Corn—No. 2, 71; No. 3, 69; No. 4, 68; No. 2 white, 75; 75 1/2; No. 3, 72; 74 1/2; No. 2 yellow, 70 1/2; 71; No. 3, 69; Oats—No. 2, 50 1/2; No. 3, 50; No. 4, 49; No. 2 white 55; No. 3, 51 1/2; 54; No. 4, 49; 52.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Wheat—No. 2 spring, 1.20; 1.25; Corn—No. 2, 71; 71 1/2; No. 2, 71 1/2; 72; No. 3 yellow, 71; 71 1/2; Oats—No. 2, 47; No. 3, 47 1/2; 51 1/2; No. 4, 45; 55 1/2; standard, 51.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.10; No. 3, 1.15; No. 4, 1.12; 1.14; No. 2 hard, 1.20; 1.25; No. 4, 1.10; 1.15; Corn—No. 2, 70; 71; No. 3, 68; No. 4, 67; Oats—No. 2, 50; No. 3, 49; No. 4, 48; No. 2 white, 55; No. 3, 51 1/2; 54; No. 4, 49; 52.

SISTER ACTS AS DETECTIVE

GATHERED EVIDENCE WHICH INDUCED NAVY TO ACT.

Chauffeur Who Drove Party on Fatal Night to Testify This Time—Theory of a Duel Grows.

Annapolis, Maryland. — Because the navy department believes the testimony gathered by a woman, unaided, with every circumstance against her, throws more light on the case than did the secret hearing before the board of inquiry, a court of inquiry began sittings at the United States naval academy to determine the exact manner in which Lieut. James N. Sutton of the marine corps met his death on the grounds of that institution on the night of October 12, 1907.

The story of Mrs. Rose Sutton Parker, a sister of the dead officer, who was called a suicide by the naval board, is the most important part of the case.

Then she and her mother entered the courtroom Mrs. Parker carried with her a bundle of papers comprising all she knows about the circumstances of her brother's death, and from this report questions will be put that may clear up the mystery. Both women declared hopefully that the stigma of suicide would be removed from the dead officer's name.

More to Be Learned of Shooting.

The court is not bound by the rules of evidence that ordinarily obtain in civil tribunals.

The government has expressed its desire to get every fact that might help to determine the manner of young Sutton's death and the responsibility therefor. Sutton's friends also have urged that every bit of evidence that can have a possible bearing on the case be brought out.

There are many points in the evidence given by participants in the case that preceded the shooting of Lieut. Sutton and were accepted by the board of inquiry about which the young man's mother and sister say more is to be learned.

Why did Sutton and his brother officers quarrel that night? The story told by the officers is that a row started in a discussion of where the automobile, which had been taken from the Carvel hall, had been stopped. The Suttons declare this was too trivial a thing to start a quarrel, and Mrs. Sutton points to some letters which were written to her brother, in which a duel is mentioned. Then, too, W. I. Owens, the chauffeur, who drove the party to the barracks, and who overheard the quarrel in the machine, but who was not called at the former hearing, will testify.

After the quarrel, the officers allege, Sutton ran into his tent, secured two revolvers and started the row again. The Suttons say there was not time enough for this to happen between the time the men left the automobile and the time Sutton's dead body was found by Col. Charles C. Doyen. The officers also say that, during the fight, some one took from Sutton one of his revolvers and gave it to Sergt. De Hart. De Hart does not remember who gave it to him.

The officers say further that after this Sutton was thrown to his face, an, while he was held there, some one remarked he had killed Lieut. Koelker, and then he pulled his arm from under his prostrate body and fired a shot into his own brain.

1,000 Saloons in Texas Quit.

Austin, Texas. — At midnight more than a thousand saloons in Texas ceased operations because of the coming into effect of the law enacted at the recent session of the legislature invalidating all liquor licenses issued after February 20, 1909, limiting the number of saloons in each county to one for every 500 population, and barring new licenses in conjunction with the hotels.

Lost: \$10,000 Package.

Chicago, Illinois. — The police are searching for a package containing \$10,000, which disappeared while being shipped from the National Bank of the Republic, New York, to the Second National Bank of Monmouth, Ill. If the package disappeared in this city, it is believed it vanished in the company's office, or was lost in the transfer to the express truck at the depot.

Launch Capsizes, Seven Drown.

Cincinnati, Ohio. — Seven well known citizens of this city and Newport, Ky., were drowned by the capsizing of the gasoline launch, Silver Star, at Brown's landing, on the Ohio river, near the mouth of the Little Miami. Two of the party were saved. They were returning from a pleasure trip. Those known to be saved are: Jos. Carr, Otto Huffman, J. Hansen, William Fleming and A. Latties of Cincinnati and William Mickels of Newport and one unknown.

Erie Wreck Is Fatal.

Toledo, Ohio. — A serious wreck took on the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad near Trowbridge, O., is reported. It is said that several were injured, but none killed. It is impossible to get details, as wires are down.

Harriman's Northwest Trackage Plan Chicago, Illinois. — Traffic Director Stubbs says the Harriman trains are likely to run from Portland to Tacoma and Seattle within two months over the Northern Pacific and the St. Paul extension.

NOT THE BUTCHER'S FAULT.



Mrs. Customer—That lamb you sent me, Mr. Stintwaite, was the largest and toughest I ever saw.

Mr. Stintwaite—Tut, tut. It's that boy been loitering again. I assure you, when that joint left the shop it was the sweetest little leg of lamb you could set eyes on, and I gave him strict orders to deliver it at once because you wanted it young.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its great strength than other makes.

Saving Her Blushes.

"I have here," said the young inventor, "a device that will be a boon to the typists."

"What is it?" asked the manufacturer of typewriters.

"It's an extra key. Whenever the operator can't spell a word she presses this key and it makes a blur!"

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them.—Montaigne.

Chamberlain's 10c Pure Extracts, and Mamma's Pure Phosphate Baking Powder are Pure and Unadulterated, containing only those substances recognized and endorsed by the U. S. Government. At all Grocers. F. H. CHAMBERLAIN CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The greatest help to overcoming mistakes is acknowledging them.—Burrows.

Smokers also like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its purity. It is never doped,—only tobacco in its natural state.

A man may live justly by avoiding what he blames in others.—Montaigne.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md. — "For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1838 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, dizziness, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively Cured by These Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Face-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water